

Iron County Register

IRONTON, : : : AUGUST 11, 1898.

E. D. AKE, EDITOR.

VOLUME XXXII. NUMBER 7.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congressman—Thirteenth District:
EDWARD ROBB.
For Circuit Judge—21st Circuit:
FRANK R. DEARING.
For State Senator—24th District:
FRANK H. FARRIS.

Iron County Democratic Ticket.

For Representative:
G. W. FARRAR, JR.
For Presiding Judge of County Court:
W. H. BUFORD.
For County Judge—Southern District:
J. W. ALCOHN.
For County Judge—Western District:
HARRISON SWEENEY.
For Probate Judge:
JOHN B. HAMPTON.
For Circuit Clerk:
ARTHUR HUFF.
For County Clerk:
WM. A. FLETCHER.
For Collector of the Revenue:
WM. T. O'NEAL.
For Sheriff:
B. S. GREGORY.
For Prosecuting Attorney:
WM. R. EDGAR.
For Treasurer:
WALTER H. FISHER.



EXPANSION? Once upon a time a frog expanded.

WE want no sons of Nebat in the Democratic party.

WE see that dollar wheat is now selling for sixty-five cents.

BLAND is against expansion in toto. Dick Bland is always right.

THE ounce and the bushel seem to be approaching each other once more, silver being over 53 cents and wheat under 65 cents. Don't mention it!

DICK BLAND as chairman of the Springfield convention can be depended upon to put on the brake, if necessary, when some of our Jehus attempt to head the wagon in the wrong direction.

THE *Globe-Democrat* is trying to ascertain where the Republic "is at" on the question of expansion. We sympathize with the efforts of the *G.-D.*, and hope they will be more successful than were the REGISTER's to find out where Old 1808 stood on the silver question.

THE *Mississippi Valley Democrat* is right: "When a Democratic leader," as a result of associating with St. Louis millionaires on a truffles diet, throws up his allegiance to party principle, it makes no particular difference to any one but himself." The rank and file will lead themselves in the way of the righteously.

THE Democratic State Convention assembled at Springfield yesterday. W. C. Marshall and L. B. Valliant were nominated for Supreme Judges—the former for the long term. The platform as formulated by the committee is in the main all right, but on the question of territorial acquisition it is not the straightforward, honest, uncompromising, anti-Hannanistic document it should have been. More's the pity!

LOOKING into an odd number of the *London Spectator* recently, the following extract from an article entitled, "Rural New England," arrested our attention: "New England rural life needs to be recognized from the point of view of cheerful living, especially since the wholesale abandonment of farms. You will constantly pass by these deserted homesteads, wooden in construction, generally unpainted, with gambrel roof, and with the large, dark barn adjoining, a picture of forlorn ruin and decay, without its beauty. In places not far distant from large towns, however, Italians are taking up these farms, cultivating fruit and dairy produce for city markets, and are doing fairly well." So the result of the Gold Standard and Home Market is to expatriate the New England farmer and supplant him with the Italian! Why is it that where the Gold Standard is adopted the farm is abandoned? We do not mean to say that this comes about all at once, any more than the oak tree that is cut down to-day rots and falls to pieces over night. The fact remains, however, that where the Gold Standard has been introduced a marked decay in agriculture has at once commenced, accompanied by a decrease in the farming population of the country adopting it. The Gold Standard in 1896 was announced as the harbinger of a higher civilization. Is the Italian a higher type than the Yankee he supplants? We would like some of our Gold Standard friends to explain how it happens that gold and agricultural depression go hand in

hand, or seem to do so, the world over. Perhaps the ideal of civilization is that in which the laboring classes have the least to eat; if this is so, the Italian is the proper party to take the place of the Yankee, for in his own country he subsists in part on meal made from acorns. Meat to him is a miracle and a dish of tadpoles a Godsend.

A REGIMENT of United States negro soldiers returned from the front recently to Tampa, Florida. After their arduous campaign certain of its members felt that they were entitled to some relaxation, and accordingly spread themselves about town indulging in liquid and other refreshments necessary to the complete lifting of the pressure of army life. While thus enjoying themselves they came in collision with the local authorities, who, without any proper consideration for the feelings or services of these colored sons of Mars, packed them off to jail. The regiment was ordered away. The comrades of the imprisoned men felt that it would be infamous to leave their brothers in arms in the hands of mere insignificant municipal authorities. They felt that the imprisoned men were employees of the United States, and that the local authorities of the State of Florida had nothing to do with them. They were far above the jurisdiction of any State or municipality in this Union. They were convinced that this nation should make bare its strong arm for the protection of its servants; so some thirty or forty of them went to the Tampa jail and forcibly liberated their companions without the bold formalities of a habeas corpus proceeding, and jauntily rode away with them, leaving the State of Florida to reflect as to what it is going to do about the matter. Another attempt was made to rescue some negro teamsters who had run afoul of the civil authorities, but such a fierce fire was opened on the rescuing party that it had to retire, taking with it its wounded. These proceedings have a tendency to put the negroes all over the country in a good heart, and make them exceedingly loyal to the Nation with the big N. If the colored man who wears a blue coat can successfully defy the authorities of a state or a municipality, why cannot the colored man in a brown coat, or who has no coat whatever, do the same thing? We call the attention of our railroads, the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, and other syndicates who rule this land, to the above facts. Here is a class of men without domestic ties that bind, who have not the least state pride, who mean business every time they shoot. Why not fill armies with these men? No party of strikers, male or female, adults or children, would stand before them. They would have no qualms of conscience over doing their duty. They would preserve order with a strong hand and see to it that the local authorities should be held in proper subordination to the national government. How useful a negro army would be if the time should ever come for the setting aside of the Constitution and laws of our people for their own good! The negro will be a great instrument for the saving of the people from themselves when the Trusts and Syndicates see the necessity of such action.

Machines Vs. Patriots.

Every volunteer carried with him to the field some of the interest that attaches to the shield of his State, while the Regular stood beneath Old Glory only. Some day the pre-eminence of Old Glory will be undisputed, and the unwelcome politics that now intrude upon the battlefield through the rivalry of the States will have happily disappeared.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The above extract foreshadows the extinction of State lines and the consolidation of the Union into a rigid centralized government, supreme and untrammelled, with all local governmental organizations eliminated. When the time comes in which the *Sun's* ideal shall be realized, then the Halcyon days will have returned to the earth! Our vulgar plutocracy will have become a gilded aristocracy. The exigencies of the new order will have caused an irresponsible Supreme Court to interpret the constitution out of existence, so that my Lord George Gould and my Lord Andrew Carnegie, Baron Rockefeller and Earl Havemeyer, may enjoy the distinctions and titles from which they are now excluded by a prejudiced public.

No petty local authority will then be able to go through the form of calling a Vanderbilt to account, or arrest any member of the golden oligarchy for a Little Egypt debauch. The common herd will then be governed for their good by their more wealthy, and, therefore, more intelligent superiors. The man who plows the earth, or wields the hammer, or delves in the mine, will not be permitted to interfere with the prosperity and progress of this great nation by means of the unreasoning ballot. Has not the ox as much right to interfere with the plans of his master as the factory hand or obscure tiller of the soil to overstep the schemes of the great captains of industry? Would the good Lord have given these men great wealth and the great power that accompanies it if he had not intended they should rule? What Christian will question their di-

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Saturday, August 20, 1898.

ALL ARE INVITED.

W. H. SWEENEY. JOE MATHEWS.

vine right to govern this nation? To do so would be flat heresy.

When the *Sun's* ideal shall be realized, Old Glory will float over no volunteer soldiers who come from the domestic hearthstone, who have but recently listened to the prattle of little children, and whose discipline has been undermined by the endearments of home. The army of the United States will then be an engine upon which the governors of the United States can rely implicitly. It will have nothing in common with the citizens whose bread it eats. It will be, as its masters intend it shall be, an instrument of destruction not responsive to humane considerations. The soldier in that day can be depended upon to shoot into a mob of starving women and children with far less compunction than did the Italian soldiers at the recent bread riots in Milan.

That ideas of this nature are haunting the brains of our multi-millionaires, and those whom they control, is evident from the trend of events in this country for the last quarter of a century. First, through the abrogation of State lines and local self-government, they seek to center all power at the national capital. Through the national executive, whom they have hitherto controlled, and through the Supreme Court, which they own in fee simple, they have made gigantic strides in this direction in recent years. Give them an army out of touch with the people—without domestic ties—and they have the full assurance of realizing their wishes.

These men are not patriots. They have no country. They worship at no shrine but the shrine of mammon. While prating of national honor, they will engage in any transaction, no matter how vile, or how much of treachery or deceit on their own part, or how much of misery and heartache on the part of their victims it produces, if it results in adding to their already overflowing coffers. Of course there are exceptions that prove the rule. The lid has recently been lifted from the caldron in the Hooly case at London, and while it has been replaced quickly, enough has come to light to exhibit the English end of the combination in its true light. It is said that when a British officer asked a continental what Americans would do with Benedict Arnold should they catch him, the reply was "We would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, bury it with the honors of war, and hang the rest of him." Should a Continental pass judgment upon the *Sun* there would be no part of it that would be entitled to honorable entombment.

The treason of the *Sun* is cold-blooded and calculating. It is without a redeeming feature. It is prompted by no generous impulse; it is fostered by no burst of rage or passion. It is a deliberate prostitution for power. The cause of patriotism would have the *Sun's* aid were the paper controlled by the Dana whose cry was, "Reduce the army to 10,000 men!"

When the plutocracy succeed in all their designs and have moulded this country entirely to their liking, then will Old Glory cease to be a beacon of liberty. It will become the ensign of a sullen tyranny, a sodden and heartless oppression. It will be an emblem of degradation and dishonor more detested by men who love liberty and have a merciful regard for their kind than is the piratical red and yellow flag of Spain to-day.

But we do not believe that the flag that has floated over so many of freedom's battlefields will go down in the gloom of a night of greed and tyranny. We do not believe that the gentlemen who are so solicitous for this nation's honor and their own pocket-books will be allowed to have their way. God forbid that they should!

Once a Vallegian.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 3, 1898.
Ed. Register—"Tempus fugit!" Well I should say it does. Three weeks ago to-morrow I met you and spent an hour's agreeable and instructive talk in your cosy sanctum and now I am sitting in my "den" away up in Cleveland, O., 600 miles away from the beautiful Valley and home of my boyhood days. I had intended to visit Ironton once more before leaving for who knows how many years to come; but imperative summons called me to my present home, where I arrived after a rather circuitous journey last Sunday. On my way back I stopped at Festus, Mo., only long enough to see my brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Amelung, formerly of Pilot Knob. I was amazed at the extent of the town of Festus, situated, as it is, back in the woods midway be-

tween the Iron Mountain R. R. and the Mississippi River. The weal and woe of the town seems to depend upon that of the glass works at Crystal City, which adjoins Festus on the east.

At St. Louis I stopped only long enough to call upon the widow and children of the late Rev. H. Flachs-bart formerly of Pilot Knob. It was absolutely too hot in the city, and the only excuse people there can offer for remaining in the city, when houses at the Knob are offered on Front street for \$2 per month, is that they are either blissfully ignorant of the heat or of that rent notice. As for myself I hid me across the river on a ferry-boat at North Market street and via trolley car to Granite City out on the prairie, where ever and anon a gentle zephyr fanned my heated brow. There I sought and found Mr. Geo. Schwied-er, at one time the fleetest-footed boy in the Valley, as boys of thirty years ago will attest. His people live near Steelville, Mo., and they were among the sufferers from the recent destructive flood in that vicinity.

My next stop was at Staunton where Brother Al. settled down several years ago, along with other Valley people who emigrated thence when the mines shut down. Gus. Rahm and family and Chas. Morgen and family living among the itinerants. Farm products all along the road promise a plentiful yield except apples. At Staunton, "digging dusky diamonds" is the leading occupation of the people.

At Decatur, Ill., where I rested once more on my homeward journey, Messrs. Schlie and Oehler, formerly of Iron Mountain, were found conducting a thriving grocery business. Coal mining and railroading with a rich farming country round about, give to this 28,000 town an air of "I don't have to ask favors from anybody." But where ever I found former Iron county residents and whatever present conditions might be, if you wanted to see sparkling eyes, and beaming faces, and longing glances, meditative features, and pensive feelings, just mention the little towns among the hills. Aye, truly, "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!" A. G.

During the summer months ice cream will be served at the Blue Store on Wednesdays and Sundays. Orders for cream by quart or gallon for families or parties will receive prompt and careful attention.

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No. 4 Lake Trout, Butter Sauce, Cake or Waffles and Coffee, or Tea, Milk or Butter Milk.....20
No. 5 Oat Meal and Cream, or Bouillon, Hot Rolls, Butter and Coffee, or Tea.....15
No. 6 Two Eggs, Butter, Toast and Coffee or Tea.....15

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